

## Jeffrey Lewis "Systematic Death"

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System, system, system - death in life  
System, system, system - the surgeons knife  
System, system, system - hacking at the cord  
System, system, system - a child is born

Poor little fucker, poor little kid  
Never asked for life, no she never did  
Poor little baby, poor little mite  
Crying out for food as her parents fight (x2)  
\par  
System, system, system - send him to school  
System, system, system - force him to crawl  
System, system, system - teach him how to cheat  
System, system, system - kick him off his feet

Poor little schoolboy, poor little lad  
They'll pat him if he's good, beat him if he's bad  
Poor little kiddy, poor little chap  
They'll force feed his mind with their useless crap  
Force feed his mind with their useless crap

System, system, system - they'll teach her how to cook  
System, system, system - they'll teach her how to look  
System, system, system - they'll teach her all the tricks  
System, system, system - create another victim for  
their  
greasy pricks

Poor little girly, poor little wench  
Another little object to prod and pinch  
Poor little sweetie, poor little filly  
They'll fuck her mind so they can fuck her silly  
Fuck her mind so they can fuck her silly

System, system, system - he's grown to be a man  
System, system, system - He's been taught to fit the  
plan  
System, system, system - forty years of jobs  
System, system, system - Pushing little buttons,  
pulling little knobs

Poor fucking worker, poor little serf

Working like a mule for half of what he's worth  
Poor fucking grafter, poor little gent  
Working for the cash that he's already spent (x2)

He'll selling his life, she's his loyal wife  
Timid as a mouse, she's got her little house  
He's got his little car and they share the cocktail bar  
She likes to cook his meals, you know, something that  
appeals  
Sometimes he works til late so his supper has to wait  
But she doesn't really mind cos he's getting overtime  
He likes to put a bit away just for that rainy day  
Cos every little counts when the cost of living mounts  
They do the pools each week hoping for that lucky  
break  
Then they'd take a trip abroad, do all the things they  
can't afford  
She'd really like to have a fur, he'd like a bigger car  
They could buy a bungalow, with a Georgian door for  
show  
He might think of leaving work, but no, he wouldn't like  
to shirk  
He'd much prefer to stay and get his honest days pay  
He's got a life of work ahead, there's no rest for the  
dead  
She's tried to make it nice, he's said thankyou once or  
twice

System, system, system - deprived of any hope  
System, system, system - taught they couldn't cope  
System, system, system - slaves right from the start  
System, system, system - til death do them part

Poor little fuckers, what a sorry pair  
Had their lives stolen, but they didn't really care  
Poor little darlings, just your ordinary folks  
Victims of the system and its cruel jokes (x2)

The couple views the wreckage and dreams of home  
sweet home  
They'd almost paid their mortgage when the system  
dropped its bomb

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